She's on Fifth Avenue

Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

BINDING NEW YORK TOGETHER.

On New Year's Day, 1898, Manhattan and Brooklyn ame legally parts of one city, but physically they re still separate. Only the slender bond of a single ridge held them together. To-day that bond is douiled. With the opening of the Williamsburg Bridge Greater New York becomes less a name and more a reality. The East River is shrinking, and it will contique to shrink. A tunnel is boring under it, another will soon be begun, and two more great bridges are well under way. Five years hence the East River will hardly more of a barrier in New York than the mes is in London or the Seine in Paris.

The completion of even one new connection been the boroughs makes it possible to plan a transit at point is due to the fact that it is a terminal, and a ple terminal, at that. Bridge cars, trolley cars and evated trains all dump their loads in one little spot. f course, that spot is congested. Moreover, while the olley cars keep moving around loops, the bridge and levated trains are delayed by the necessity of running nto their termini and then backing out.

To reduce crowding and delays to their lowest terms the traffic must be kept moving in continuous circulation. Every stopping point should be a way station distributed all along the route and there would be no

It is in this direction that all the local transportation experts are working. The opening of the Willamsburg Bridge will give the first opportunity to carry out the idea. It will enable the old bridge terminal to be abolished, allowing the cars that come westward on one bridge to circle home on the other, and vice versa. The tunnels and the additional bridges will permit the system to be extended still further.

Several ingenious plans for this service have been worked out, notably by Bridge Commissioner Lindenthal and Chief Engineer Parsons, of the Rapid-Transit Commission, and it is a discredit to the city that none of them has been adopted and put in the way of execution. All the arrangements for approaches and traffic that the new cridge could have begun its work of re-As it is, it will have to stand for some time as a monuint to official bungling-and certainly not a monunt that will attract admiration for its beauty.

But this is only an annoyance of the moment. For nerations after it is forgotten the great bridge will continue to serve the convenience of New Yorkers. With a developing civic sense of beauty its oil-well derricks will be replaced by graceful towers, and the Willsamsburg Bridge will become, like its stately predecessor, one of the things that give us the right to feel that we are citizens of no mean city.

With The World's Compliments .- The Evening World greets the new Williamsburg Bridge to-day with a special suits him or not. four-page supplement, which will be seen by a good many more people than the city's \$30,000 worth of fireworks Those who miss the pyrotechnics may have the satisfac tion of reflecting that they can enjoy their World supple-

THE HOME OF DEMOCRACY.
In the past thirty-six years five cities have had eight nocratic National Conventions. There are more nocratic voters in New York than in all of them while the disastrous election of 1900, are the Eastern Democracy was a wreck, New York of the was nominated the first time, and fifteen es as many as Kansas City, in which he was nomined the second time.

More Democratic votes were cast in this city last

Generally she doesn't want to, for while "the bondage bought with a ring seems to make a woman more attractionally seems to make a woman married woman But about a married woman. But about a married woman beging downtown every day, coining his for late suppers, for moonlight "bubble" fides through Westchester, without introduced the weather the suppers. For moonlight "bubble" fides through Westchester, without introduced the suppers. For moonlight "bubble" fides through Westchester, without introduced the suppers. For moonlight "bubble" fides through Westchester, without introduced the suppers. For moonlight "bubble" fides through Westchester, without introduced the suppers. For moonlight "bubble" fides through Westchester, without introduced the suppers. For moonlight bubble for late suppers. For moonlight specific that a more of least suppers. For In the past thirty-six years five cities have had eight nocratic voters in New York than in all of them hen the Eastern Democracy was a wreck, New York ty cast twice as many votes for Bryan as Chicago, in hich he was nominated the first time, and fifteen nes as many as Kansas City, in which he was nomi-

More Democratic votes were cast in this city last vear than in Texas and Georgia, the banner Democratic States of the Union, combined.

To bring the convention here would be to renationalize the Democracy. It would be the proof that the Democratic leaders no longer considered any part of mocratic leaders no longer considered any part of the Union the "enemy's country," but that they were prepared to appeal to the common sense and the patriotism of American citizens wherever they might be

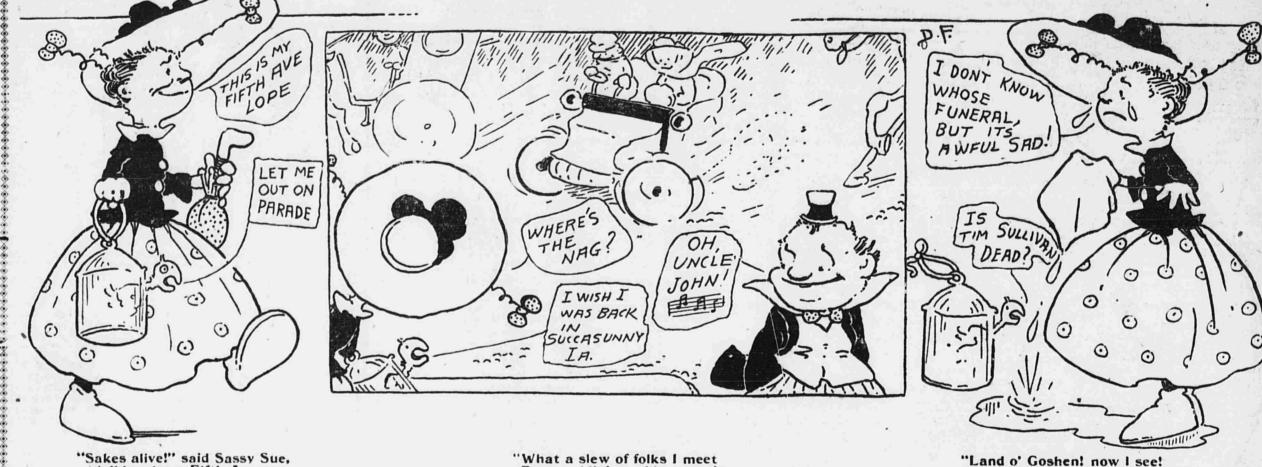
Santa Claus Needs a Gun .- If there ever was a crime, and a particularly mean one, it was that of that Philadelphia syndicate which burned 4,000 Christmas trees to keep up the price of the rest of its stock. Are there no poor children in Polladelphia, who are not usually in the Christmas tree market, but who could have been made happy by those thirty car-loads of wantonly wasted delight?

THE RIGHT USE OF NASSAU STREET. A city, after all, exists for the people in it. Trucks ind automobiles are run for human convenience. When there is a question, therefore, between the convenience of the people and that of mechanical contrivances, the people should have the right of way.

On Nassau street there is no room in the crowded irs of the day for foot passengers and vehicles. The ole thoroughfare is none too wide for the stream of manity alone. There are plenty of other streets able for trucking-there is no other so plainly indias the site of a charming arcade, free from mud, t and rain, and dedicated to the useful art of

sit Competition.—The Metropolitan will be ed as a bidder for the next tunnel contract. Let a that its competition with the Belmont syndicate the genuine article, and not like the competition Bethiehem and Carnegie works in the manu-termor plates.

SASSV SVE - By the Creator of "Sunny Jim"



Buggy-ridin' on this street!

When the Butterfly Becomes a Grub.

Nixola Greeley - Smith

Walking down Fifth Avenue.

(Granddaughter of Horace Greeley. T is a peculiar fact, and one which

has never been satisfactorily accounted for, that marriage, which seems to sharpen a woman's wits, al-most linevitably stupefies a man's. Else why the well-known warines and guile of the widow and the equally

patent gullibility of the widower? Why is a woman's power of attack strengthened by a plunge into matrinony and a man's power of resistance essened by a similar step?

Why does the most unsophisticated maiden emerge in widow's weeds and riles from two or three years of marriage and the most fastidious bachelor, when once he has made his en-trance and his exit from connubial bilss, succumb at the drop of the least lovely yelash or the pout of a faintly seducive mouth?

The fascination of widows is proverbial. The ease with which widowers sucumb to it is scarcely less so.

Why, even a New York bachelor who will not rise save to the most brilliant and carefully manoeuvred fly, when once the sea of matrimony has engulfed him can be baited with a garden

A widow marries the first man she lays her eyes on-if he suits her. A widower is married by the first woman who sights him whether she

He is so easy that even an inexperi-enced young girl can marry him if she

Generally she doesn't want to, for while "the bondage bought with a ring"

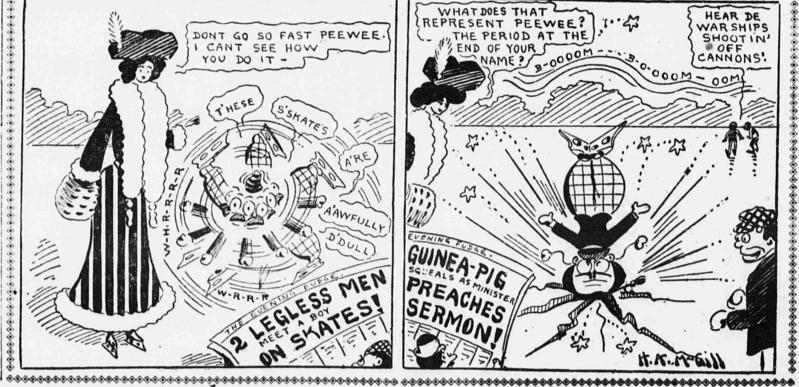
The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Goes Skating in Central Park and Cuts One Figure Too Much-A Sorry One.









MINNY MAUD HANFF. ********************************

Some big fun'ral this must be."



SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that they are trying to steer the Democratic National Convention to this city."

"It isn't a steer," corrected the Man Higher Up; "it is a piece of philanthropy. The men who are boosting the movement have a license to organize under the name of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Delegates. If New York gets the convention once the people who come here to attend it will never want to go anywhere else.

"The delegates and others who attend an interior national convention get stung as soon as they get off the trains, and after that the sting is continuous. The only concerns that don't double the rates are the streetcar lines. The hotels import clerks from Florida resort lodging-houses to press bills, the restaurants make plans to pay expenses for a year in six days and the saloon-keepers, that have been selling booze to natives at 10 cents straight for three years and fifty-one weeks, have the bartender's jackets washed and ironed and

elevate the price of the bridge paint to two for a quarter. "Chicago is the only town in the West that can accommodate a convention crowd without making the majority of the visitors sleep in the suburbs. The only disadvantages Chicago has are that her hotels, with few exceptions, are the kind that make a specialty of catering to drummers who want sample-rooms; if a frost don't show up during the convention it rains; the wind lows from the southwest all the time the convention is on, bringing the stockyards to the heart of the city; the coal soot is so thick in the air that a stranger, after being out an hour, could get admitted to Booker T. Washington's school on sight, and the only amusement a visitor can have is to go out and be held up.

"All that can keep the convention from New York 18 New York herself. You know what a generous giver-up the average New York business man is. To ask him for a contribution of \$100 is like making a threat to burn down his store. Of course, New York don't need the convention, but I've been to the national gatherings of both parties, and I am here to announce that as free and unlimited spenders the Democrats have got the Elks, the Eagles, the G. A. R. and all the rest of the delegates who convene skinned forty ways."

"I've heard that the Westerners are afraid of Tammany men," said the Cigar Store Man. "That may be," replied the Man Higher Up, "but you can bet your shirt that the Westerners have never been timid about taking their money."

\$500 IN PRIZES.

The Blue.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hilda Glichrist, a stenographer, is engaged to Jack Bruce, a law clerk. Her late uncle, whose sole heiress she is, was reputed rich. Hyde Clayton, Hilda's employer, is anxious to marry her in order to find some clue to this uncle's sestate. Clayton's henchman, Ezra Raynor, offers to help his master in finding the fortune. Hilda' discovers in a strong box of her uncle's an apparently blank sheet of paper. On this paper words and figures are treated in sympathetic ink.

A cryptogram is thus formed which, by an easy method they translate. It contains directions to the whereacuts of the fortune. Hild and Bruce, by means of the cryptogram, find the strong box containing the fortune. In the box is also a note directing them to dig at the corner of a hut in the woods near. Fordham, where Hilda's uncle had buried the family jewels. They set out for the woods that evening, shadowed by Clayton and Raynor. A man-eating tiger escapes from the Bronx Zoo, a mile or two south of their destination.

CHAPTER XII. A Nocturnal Treasure Hunt. M EANTIME the trio of treasure seekers drove on toward the woods, happiny unaware of the Horror that lurked among the dark undergrowth ahead of them and of the scarcely lesser danger that followed close be-

"Let us get out here," said their host. alighting and tying the horse to a tree. "This is as near as the trap can approach your uncle's hut. It is only a

few yards aurther on." Bruce lifted Hilda to the ground, lighted a lantern and began gathering

A minute's walk brought them to a little clearing, in the centre of which stood a tiny one-story house.

"This should be the place," said Bruce, throwing off coat and waistcoat and rolling up his sleeves. For some time no sound broke the

ellence of the woods except the cleaving and thud of earth and the heavy Deeper grew the excavation and higher the heap of soft earth piled up to

either side. At last Bruce's spade, driven through the ground, struck something hard, with a force that sent a jar through

the digger's whole body. Hilda sprang to her feet at his cry of joy and ran forward. "We've struck it at last!" panted the lawyer. "Look! It was the corner of a

box that your spade struck!" By the flickering light they could see the sharp angle of a rather large iron box jutting through the surrounding earth. The spade had struck through the rust and the brown mould that incrusted the receptacle, and a glint of freshly scratched metal showed where the edge had cut deep into the iron.

A few moments more of frantic digging and the entire box was unearthed. 'Where's the pick?' cried Jack, his voice shaking with excitement. iron is rusted. One good blow will

Answers to the Cipher Puzzle in the eighth chapter of this \$500 prize story will be received up to noon Monday. The next story in this prize romance series will be "The Girl In Green," to begin Monday, Jan. 4. \$500 in prizes.

He snatched up the pick and leaped into the shallow excavation again.
The others held the lanterns close to the box, while, with two sharp blows from the pick point, Jack broke the

hinges. Kneeling beside the receptacle Bruce, with a mighty effort, wrenched off the

A simultaneous cry of amazed delight burst from all three. There, gleaming redly in the lantern glare, lay row after row of gold pieces. not piled in confusion, but neatly packed

to economize space, the milled edges shining like the surface of a new file. For three-fourths of the area of the chest the gold extended. There a partition separated it from the further end of the box. And it was on this remaining quarter of the chest that the

watchers' eyes were riveted. Glittering, giving back the lantern's gleams from ten thousand points of light, blazing like a rainbow afire, were neaps upon heaps of gems-the Marko family jewels, collected by a century of

Tiaras, bracelets, girdles, neckiaces and rings; diamonds, rubies, sapphires,

emeralds and pearls; red, white, green, due, yellow and flame-colored centres "Oh, it must be a dream!" murmured Hilda, breaking at last the silence of administration with a sigh of wondering

"It can't be true! It can't.

A roar, deep-voiced and terrible, burst like a thunder-clap through the hush of the forest, reverberating and reechoing down the silent woodland aisles, waking to life all the sleeping denizens of trees and bush.

"Good heaven! What was that?" gasped the lawyer. It was like nothing that any of the trio had ever before heard, yet hereditary fear, bequeathed through a lapse of countless centuries from cave-dwelling ancestors, drove the blood from

their cheeks and checked the beating of their hearts. A new sound awoke their faculties. The horse they had kept tied some distance away was snorting and plunging

with terror. "Whatever the noise was, it scare my horse into a panic," oried the law-yer, leaping to his feat, "and if we don't quiet him he'll break loose and leave us to walk home, to say nothing of smashing himself and the trap to pieces. Lend a hand, won't you, Bruce?'

He set off at a run as he spoke. Bruce picked up one of the lanterns, and with Hilda on his arm, followed quickly in the direction whence came the sound of the frightened horse's struggle for freedom. Scarcely had they gone fifty feet when from behind a tree slipped a man. He ran stealthily toward the treasure chest. The light of the remaining lantern illumined the shifty eyes and sharp features of Ezra Raynor. With a gurgle of delight he gazed on the blazing

"No time to waste!" he muttered, feverishly. "Chest's too heavy to carry off. But I can get all the jewels and some of the gold and then away before

those idiots get back." He spoke tialf aloud, mouthing his words, his eyes shining with delirio joy, as his tean, claw-like fingers buried themselves lovingly in the heap of gems Chuckling, muttering, shivering, he be-gan shoving handfuls of the treasure into his pockets, a grin of almost im-

becile glee wrinkling his vallow face. "You seem interested!"

The words were spoken quietly. Yet at sound of them Raynor bounded to his feet chattering with terror.

On a heap of marth, not ten feet from

\$500 IN PRIZES

him, stood Hyde Clayton, revolver in

hand. "You shan't have it!" shricked Ezra, the light of insanity gleaming in his red-rimmed eyes. "It's mine! It's all

mine! Mine!" His knife flashed out. Chattering and

mine! Mine!"

His knife flashed out. Chattering and mouthing like an angry monkey, he crouched over the treasure chest, his bared yellow teeth showing in a snari of demoniac hate.

Very calmly, very slowly, Hyde Clayton raised his revolver. Carefully he aimed; and, smiling, fired full into the distorted face of his victim.

The neavy 45 bullet did its work.

With a grunt, Esra fell dead into the newly dug hole.

Clayton stepped forward quickly. He knew there was not an instant to be lost. He must stuff into his pockets as many of the jewels as he could and then be off.

But at the first step he stopped as though turned to stone.

Out of the darkness, toward the faint lantern glow, crept a Shape.

A huge formnless Something whose green eyes glowed in the dim light. Drawn by scent of human blood fresh splied, It dgew forward.

With a howl of terror Hyde Clayton fired twice in rapid succession at the advancing Horror. His cry was drowned in a fearful roar of rage and pain that shook the ground.

The tiger, mortally wounded, launched itself with a tremendous apring on its assaliant. As the brute leaped Clayton fired again. The next instant a blow from one of the gigantic forepaws crushed his skuil like an eggshell, and victor and victim crashed down in an inert mass grous the heap of treasure.